THE *Berkshire* Tragedy:

BEING

A True Account of a Barbarous Murther, committed on the Body of an Infant, about half a Year old; by *John Tubb*, late of *Steventon*, in the County aforesaid, who was Executed at *Abington* for the same Fact, on the 24th of *March*, 1711-12. near Six a Clock at Night.

Licensed according to Order.

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The *Barkshire* Tragedy.

Being a True Account of a barbarous Murther committed on the Body of an Infant, about half a Year old, &c.

To the Tune of William Grismond.

COME lend an Ear good People,
and mark what I shall tell;
John Tubb my Useful Name is,
at Steventon did dwell,
Where I committed Murther,
and that is known too well;
And for mine Offence I must die.

There was a wanton Damsel,
that lived in the Town,
By her I too too often
was followed up and down;
Tho' ever so much I strived
her Company to shun;
And for my Offence I must die.

At length, this filthy Strumpet,
she prov'd to be with Child,
And came, and plainly told me,
That I had her defil'd.
I knew, that I was Innocent,
and at the Matter smil'd;
But for the Offence I must die.

'Twas

At Abington, laſt 'Sizes,
I there my Tryal took,
The Judge he thought me guilty
by my ſuſpicious Look;
My Conſcience too accuſed me,
juſt Heaven me forſook,
And for my Offence I muſt die.

The Jury were perſwaded
I Poiſon did provide;
Both Nurſe and 'Pothecary
againſt me teſtify'd,
And when they brought their Verdict,
Oh Guilty, they all cry'd;
And for my Offence I muſt die.

When Sentance paſt upon me,
my Lord, he told me plain,
To hope for any Pardon,
was altogether vain,
For in my Courſe of Wickedneſs
no longer I muſt reign;
And for my Offence I muſt die.

A good and painful Miniſter
upon me then did wait,
And my poor Soul's Condition
unto me did relate,
And told me, He was ſorry
for my unhappy Fate;
But for my Offence I muſt die.

When

When he had shew'd the Danger
of my most horrid Sin,
To call for Heaven's Mercy,
oh, then I did begin,
That I against an Innocent
should bear a hateful Spleen;
And for my Offence I must die.

I Heaven little thought of,
in all my Life before,
Now I for Heaven's Mercy,
both Day and Night implore,
My wicked Course of living
I utterly abhor;
And for my Offence I must die.

I willingly submitted
unto the fatal Stroak,
Too long I have been subject
to Satan's heavy Yoak;
But now for mine Offence,
my wounded Heart is broke;
And for my Offence I must die.

I to my Execution
most freely now do go,
There's nothing on the Earth,
but Sorrow, Grief and Woe,
I hope the Lord of Mercy
to me will Mercy shew;
And for my Offence I must die.

FINIS.